

# The Statement

## Wiz Khalifa

[Wiz Khalifa]

Yeah that's it. Yeah! Uh. Where haven't we....Uh.  
Know the planes and the, Taylor Gang and the...haha. Uh.[Verse 1]  
Fast cars with bad broads in 'em, I proceed to smoke these trees  
And stuff piles of cheese in my 501 denim, where they bullshit begins I end them  
And nope, I don't hear these niggas trippin'  
Closing the cabin door and reving up all my engines  
The weed is rolled, the drink is cold  
It's new to you, to me it's old  
C-E-O, these off brand niggas aint really the future, Ms. Cleo  
High when I approach, been known, to leave weed crumbs and trails of Sour D smoke  
The irony, of suckas who predicted the planes land and know they wanna fly with me  
I just let it boost my confidence, roll another joint, drop pilot shit. O-K.[Chorus]  
This aint the life that we chose, but it's the life that we living  
Know we belong on the top, but we aint trippin'.  
'Cause we'll get there in a minute  
And we'll get there in a minute, 'cause we'll get in there in a minute  
Know we belong on the top but we aint trippin'.  
'Cause we'll get there in a minute.[Verse 2]  
Ask me if I plan to be roof top chillin' with some pretty ass women, you'd be glad to meet  
Trees stuffed in the passenger seat, charge it to my phone, 'couple changes of clothes  
And the OG told me all haters expose they self, so it's best to leave it alone  
Pop the cork, put the tree in the bone  
Been here for a minute you niggas just catchin' on  
Master of the craft, I've grown  
Haters trail the path, I've flown  
It's obvious, suckas talk down but we aint trippin'  
Hoes fuck with us, say we different  
At my hotel chillin', bad women come to fill my marijuana perscription  
You niggas know the biz, it's Taylor Gang or kill him.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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